

# Our Bus Rolls On

## Fairport Convention

Our bus rolls on  
To another town, a different song  
And the audiences come along  
To hear the music play  
So together we can walk awhile  
Bring your fiddle tune, dancing style  
And we're ready for the weary mile  
It's another day

Peggie on the bass with a smiling face  
He loves the Breton way  
Never more happy in the seaside air  
With his sunburnt face, he plays  
Simon picks such a cool guitar  
From a California maker  
He came along for the very first song  
Original mover and shaker

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Ric's so hip, he's a fiddler fine  
With beautiful instrumentals  
He'll take you to Portmeirion  
On the black-and-white TV rental  
Gerry sits and keeps the pace  
His way is time and groove  
A giant of percussive sound  
His hands are always on the move

While the bus rolls

I love strings, those kind of things  
To write a song or two  
I have no fear when my friends appear  
It's all I want to do  
The time it goes and comes around  
Fifty years and counting  
Here's to the band called family  
And those blown off that mountain

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